

by shadows and lighted by a rising moon. A cardinal sang from the branches of a sand pine, softly — and yes, there was the rest of the crested bird's song he had forgotten. A white sail drifted out on the bay where the whitecaps were rising. The strong smell of the little death that always floats beside the sea was mixed with the heavy odor of mimosa and blown to him on the wind. Night deepened and the moon rose high while the tide crept up the beach.

Suddenly the wind began to beat its wings over the bay leaving the seething foam of its own fury, dashed to shore to lash the grasses. A cloud crept across the moon and far out the sail dipped and fell in the wake of the waves. A streak of light tore at the night. The sky opened and rain fell, while out on the bay a sound like the rending of a soul came back to shore.

Abruptly as it began, the storm stop-

ped. With a whisper the moon cast off its cloud and bathed the beach in light. The wind fell to murmuring with the waves again, and in answer they flung a piece of broken mast upon the beach and gently laid a white rag of a sail beside it. Far up and out of reach, a star fell, leaving its trail, for a moment, glowing in the sky.

The music faded. The beach, the sky, the falling star blended into the growing dusk and disappeared. The boy looked at the lighted window. He could step to it, stand on tiptoe, and see who had created a sea storm on the strings of a violin. Instead he smiled to himself, shoved his hands deeper into his pockets, and turned toward the coming storm.

Behind him, inside the grey clapboard house, Miss Thompson laid her violin gently in its case and turned, with a lost look in her eyes, to grade the day's geometry papers.

The Woman And The Working Girl

JEAN FARSON

Brynn hurried along the shadowy sidewalk. She could hardly see her way through the slippery, foggy air that enveloped East Barnes Street. A fine rain still came down in a slow monotone, and nothing in the city of Wellington seemed to be dry at all. Brynn cast a glance at her watch, and quickened her steps, her green transparent raincoat crackling, as she hurried to catch the eleven o'clock bus. Mr. Dwyer shouldn't have kept her working so late on a night like this — the six blocks from the main office of Dwyer and Company, General Contractors, to the bus stop that went out to her home

were long and poorly lit, and it was cold. Mr. Dwyer thought a good bit about the Carmenson contract, though, and he and Hank had still been working on it when she left.

Two blocks ahead, through the rain, Brynn could barely see the street light at Bovard Avenue, by the bus stop. She was walking through a crowded residential district, where the houses were big and old and close to the sidewalk. The population seemed to be mostly in bed. There were few cars parked along the sidewalk. This didn't seem like Barnes Street at all. "I wish I'd taken Dwyer

up on his offer to take me to the bus stop," she thought. "But he was so tired and had so much more to do, I hated to bother him."

She came to the last street to cross before Bovard, and waited, back from the curb, for a car to slosh its way through the water in the street. But instead of going on, it stopped in front of her, and Brynn stood still, waiting cautiously for whatever was about to happen.

A feminine voice came from the big car. "Could you please tell me where Kenway Drive is? It's really very important that I find it quickly—"

"Why, surely," Brynn interrupted. "I live close to there . . . it's just straight ahead about three miles, and there's a drugstore on the corner — Ward's Pharmacy. You can't miss it."

"Are you going there, Miss?" the woman asked.

"Why — y-yes," Brynn said, "but really—"

"Well, I'm going that way, and I'll be glad to take you — you say you live right by Kenway Drive. Do let me take you. It's terribly dark and cold."

Brynn climbed into the car and told her unknown companion to go straight ahead. She noticed that she was dressed in an expensive fur coat, and her hair was swept up in a sophisticated style. "I'm awfully glad you came with me," said the woman, and Brynn reflected that it was rather unusual for such a woman to be driving a limousine alone, at that hour, in that neighborhood. "I was really quite frightened for fear I would not be able to find the place I'm looking for quickly."

"Where about on Kenway is this place?" asked Brynn. "Maybe I can help you find it."

"Oh, it's not on Kenway, really, my

dear. And —" she hesitated, "well, to tell the truth, I don't know exactly where it is. But I'll find it, don't worry. I'll get him. I know he's there." The woman was beginning to sound quite frantic, and Brynn was beginning to wish more than ever that she had been in the safe companionship of Mr. Dwyer when the woman had stopped the car. There was nothing she could do now, however, but sit back and wait.

They drove on silently for some time, and then Brynn said, "There it is — see that neon sign just ahead? That's Ward's. Now where is it you want to go? . . . You can let me out on this corner right here, if you please. And thanks so much for the lift . . ."

"Oh no, please don't go yet. I've got to get my directions straight, and you can tell me if I'm on the right street — now let's see, two blocks west, and half a block north of the filling station; that's right here, across from the drugstore . . ." The woman was mumbling to herself in an obsessed manner.

"WHERE?" ejaculated Brynn. "You don't mean on Bovard?"

"Yes! That's it! I had forgotten the name of the street. Bovard. Yes, that's the one. Bovard."

"W-well, where are you going? That's where I live, I think, just about," Brynn stammered. "W-what's the name?" This person in whose car she was sitting was beginning to worry her more than a little. Who was she after, anyway? She sounded even violent.

"It is?" the woman seemed amazed. "Well," she hesitated. "Maybe you do know her. My husband's there. He says he works late at the office every night, and I know he doesn't really work late every night. She's his secretary, and someone just tipped me off where he goes."

And I'm going to stop it. It's gone far enough." She faltered. "Oh, but I shouldn't really be telling you this. It's none of your business, anyway. But—it's gone far enough."

They had reached Bovard Avenue, and Brynn saw the car slow up in front of her home. "There! That's it! The third house from the corner!" The woman

screamed triumphantly. "No lights on!"

"I beg your pardon, but just exactly who are you looking for?" asked Brynn, quite indignant by this time.

"Young lady, I am looking for a Miss Brynn Roberts, who works for the Dwyer construction firm. I am Mrs. J. Conrad Dwyer, and I expect to find my husband there."

The Spoon

MARY ALICE KESSLER

Mary closed the big wooden door carefully and waited for the click that locked it. She walked slowly across the gravel schoolyard, kicking the largest rocks with her foot. She counted each step . . . one . . . two . . . three . . . four. On fifty, she climbed over the low iron fence surrounding the yard and stood quietly as if she were listening for something. Suddenly a shrill whistle cut the spring air and Mary tucked her arithmetic book under her arm, tossed a long, black pig-tail over her shoulder and walked slowly down the buggy wheel-scarred dirt street. Mary always waited for the factory whistle to blow before she started home. She knew that her mother would be leaving the box factory then; she would meet her at the big spotted sycamore tree at the corner of Kenny Street; they would walk home together. That was the best part of the day for Mary, even better than waiting in line with Katie at Brogan's Pharmacy to buy a penny's worth of red hots after eating an egg sandwich in the cold, gray basement lunchroom. This was the beautiful part of the day. The chalky blackboard and columns of figures and hard spelling-

words like "believe" and "receive," the frozen-faced nun were the dull, gray part of the day. But walking home with her mother was Mary's special waited for part of living at nine.

Mary cut across Dugan's junk yard, picking up an old coffee pot without a lid because they might be able to use it at home, and sat down on a gib, flat rock that was near the sycamore tree. Her mother would be late today. She got paid on Tuesdays and Mary knew she would stop in at the Dry Goods store to buy something for her. It was a little ritual the way Mary's mother always bought her a penny's worth of pencils or a piece of bright-colored ribbon for a hair bow on pay-day.

Mary listened to the sounds about her. A horse whinied and she could hear the old horse-pulled trolley weave along on South Street toward town. She shivered a little as the raw spring air blew hard through her faded, gingham dress, and then she looked up and saw her mother coming down the darkening street. She seemed so small as she hurried along, side-stepping the deeper wheel ruts, clutching a small tan paper sack in one